

# GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER  
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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If you note all the details you have not seen the whole.

Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature.

Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose ennobles.

Truth has never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

Those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot attract us for any length of time.

For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Socialism is the fantastical younger brother of a nearly spent despotism whose inheritance he claims.

Man should command his flesh, as a slave his master. The dominion of the enfranchised is the most imperious.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still, night is full of magnificence and for many it is more brilliant than the day.

He that boasteth himself to know everything is most ignorant; and he that presumeth to know nothing is most wise.—Plato, B. C., 427.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—Thoreau.

Much as friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves; and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Pay your bill twice rather than go to law. There are as many lawyers clamoring for the wrong as their are lawyers clamoring for the right.—Atchison Globe.

To insure long life recreation should be a part of our daily life. It makes the busy man thoughtful and the thoughtful man busy. It insures health, success and the accomplishments of better work in less time.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous, self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win, and almost believe in our own power to attain it.—George Eliot.

Who are the men whom the world delighteth to honor? Certainly not the millionaires; the world is not at the trouble of preserving a catalogue of their names—"the rich man died and was buried"; what more has society to say about him.—H. Stowell Brown.

The woman who creates by her work and smiles a happy home, and raises a family of children to worthy manhood and womanhood is the noblest work of God, and is more entitled to honor and praises of mankind than the butterfly of fashion in the political or fashionable world.

## SPIRITUALISM A ROCK OF KNOWLEDGE.—NOT A HOPE.—IT ABOLISHES DEATH.

An Easter Sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage.

This is Easter morning. The story has come down to us from the past that eighteen hundred and fifty-six years ago, at about the rising of the sun, certain of the loving friends of Jesus sought the tomb where they had laid him, and found it empty. And I suppose that the vast majority of people in Christendom, not having studied the subject very widely, hold the opinion that that was the first Easter morning of the world; that that Easter is Christian, and only Christian, in origin and significance. I have had the question asked me a great many times as to why, not believing in the physical resurrection of Jesus, I celebrate Easter at all. The question betrays ignorance of the fact that the Easter day and the Easter hope are older than Christianity, older perhaps than any scripture, older than any organized religion of the world. For this hope that

"Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own."

is older than any religion. It is a flower born of human love, and watered by the tears that have been shed on the white faces of the dead.

Easter, then, is human, a human hope; and all the children of the one Father have an equal right to whatever sunshine and consolation may gather about it.

A belief that has come to be practically a religion to millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world may rightly claim at least, whatever else may be said about it, to be regarded one of the "Signs of the Times." And this belief is not held by the superstitious, by the ignorant, by the vicious, by the socially reprobated alone. Nor does it find a home among these. For better or worse, it is shared by lawyers, by doctors, by ministers, by philosophers, by men of science, by men in every occupation, in every rank of life. There are believers among the social outcasts of the world, there are believers on thrones, there are believers in palace, believers among the nobility of every country, believers among diplomats, those engaged in the public service of their respective States. So that, for better or worse, as I say, we find this permeating all modern society, in the high places and in the low. And it seems to me significant of one of two things. It is either one of the most hopeful or one of the most lamentable things in all the world. If it be true, then the fact that so many in all walks and ranges of life have accepted it contradicts neither the brain nor the culture of its adherents. If it be only delusion, contemptible, pitiful, superstition and fraud foisted upon so many, then it seems to me one of the saddest commentaries on what we dare to call the civilization of the nineteenth century, that here, at a time when we had dared to think that the world was coming to be fairly intelligent, it is overrun, fairly swamped, with what the many are disposed to regard as merely a survival of old barbaric superstitions.

It seems to me, then, that it is worthy of our careful, earnest, candid attention. If it is true, we certainly want to know it. If it is false, we want to know it, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of helping so many thousands of people out of a pitiable delusion. Liberals, at any rate, at the first blush, ought to be touched with a little feeling of sympathy towards it; for, whatever else it may be, it has proved itself the most remarkable, the most widespread, the most effective solvent of the old dogmas that the world has ever known. Educated people, those who have time for critical thought and study, can be touched and influenced by criticism, by philosophy, by science; but here is a power that has come to work through the affections as well as through the intellects of men, and at whose touch the hideous and horrible dogmas of the past have faded away, to give place, at least in other respects, to what are rational and humane ideas concerning our Father in heaven and the destiny of his children.

When, however, an earnest, candid person wakes up to the fact that such a thing as Spiritualism exists, and proposes to

study it, the chances are, unless he is more fortunate than the ordinary seeker, that he will find himself face to face with that which will repel him, will shock him, will disgust him on every hand; for, whether there be anything true in it or not, there is no sort of question that there does exist in connection with it, and under cover of its name, an amount of palpable and intentional fraud that is simply appalling. There is no question that there is connected with it and under cover of its name also a vast amount of honest and ignorant self-delusion. Certain strange things happen, and people at once fly to the spiritualistic interpretation of them, although to a more careful and conservative thinker there may be no necessity whatever for any such explanation. There is, then, this amount of fraud and delusion which repels one who proposes to investigate for himself and find out what is true. Words of too severe reprobation cannot be uttered for this side of the movement. But it ought to be said in justice that the honest and earnest believer deplores this state of things as much as anybody, and ought not to be held responsible; but the whip of public scorn and disapprobation should be applied to the multitude of impudent and deliberate cheats, tricksters and liars, till they are whipped out of all decent human society. There are those that trade like human ghouls in the bodies of the dead. This business seems to me in all ways to be respectable compared with that of trading in human tears, in human heart-break, in the tenderest and highest hopes of the human soul. I know of nothing more utterly desppicable, more utterly inhuman, than this manifestation of a willingness to make money out of the sacred hopes and fears of those who are heart-broken and desolate.

There is also connected with the movement, as is charged, a vast amount of immorality of every kind. I have no sort of question that this charge is true. One thing, however—I will not dwell upon it—ought to be hinted at as an explanation of it, as an apology for this condition of things. Always in the history of the world, when there has been a general, wide-spread breaking up of the old system of thought, when people are feeling about for an attempted readjustment with the new system, there has been this loss of a firm grip on the deep realities, the ethical principles of human nature. People have lost their old motives and have not found the new. It was true concerning early Christianity. There has not been one single charge made against Spiritualism that was not made by pagan onlookers and observers of young Christianity. It was said that their lovefeasts were only drunken and dissipated orgies. And Paul tells us himself that on a certain occasion, in the church of Corinth, the people were drunken at the communion table; so that we must remember that, though these things are true, it is not the first time in the history of the world that men have passed through a similar phase of experience.

And while people still link themselves with the churches for the sake of social standing or financial gain, though they do not believe its doctrines nor care for its spiritual prosperity, even modern Christianity can not very safely throw stones.

I wish now to say that any critic who proposes to consider any great movement of human life or thought is in duty bound, as a fair and honest man, to judge it from its best side, to judge it at its highest.

Let us, then, consider the fact that, in spite of all I have said, there is what I may perhaps properly call a higher Spiritualism, a complete system of thought, of life, of ethics, of belief concerning God and man and destiny that is clearly wrought out. There is a vast literature that has appeared in the last few years, setting forth belief in all these phases of opinion; and, if any one wishes to know what it means, or what it claims to stand for on its higher side, he ought in fairness to make himself familiar with the best of its literature.

I propose to define this higher Spiritualism, not to give you my opinion of it, but to tell you what it claims for itself, what it aims to be.

What is, then, the first grand belief? Simply that death is not an end; that it is merely an experience, an incident in the onward and upward struggle and progress of the individual life. It claims to have demonstrated this, to hold it not as a hope, not as a belief, but as knowledge. It teaches that inside these gross physical bodies there is an ether body, a body that

has grown with it, shaped by it, adapted to it, perfect in every part and faculty; and that this ether body is disengaged at death, like a germ delivered from its sheath, and that it goes on, the soul taking this ether body with it as a perfect equipment in every faculty for the fullest expression of its higher and better life. According to this teaching, the soul simply goes on with its power to think, to remember, to love just as of old.

It further teaches that this universe everywhere is under the law of cause and effect, and that we begin life hereafter just as we leave it here, precisely what we have made ourselves by our thoughts, our deeds, our words on earth. Therefore, this other life is not peopled with ghosts, with ghastly, thin and unreal beings, such as we have imagined in the past: they are real folks, our fathers, our mothers, our neighbors, our friends, just as we have known them here, only released from these lower physical conditions, but carrying with them the same kind of character, of thought, of personality which they had here.

It also teaches that, under certain peculiar conditions, there can now and then be manifestations of the reality of that life to this life; that sometimes there comes a whisper, sometimes a hand is reached across the abyss, and that they are demonstrations of the fact that those we have loved and that we talk of as lost are not lost, but are living as we are living.

The higher Spiritualism is in perfect accord with all the best scientific teaching of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest philosophy of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest moral principles that have ever been discovered. So there is nothing that we know that is contradictory to these claims of this higher Spiritualism. Therefore, whether it can demonstrate itself as true or not, it is not in contradiction with any known truth that science or philosophy has to offer, and is in perfect accord with the finest ethical teaching and the highest hopes of man. So much must be said in defense of this claim of what I have called the higher Spiritualism.

Now, I wish to offer a few suggestions of which you will see the force and drift. I speak not now as a Spiritualist. I am speaking, or trying to, as a perfectly fair and sympathetic critic from the outside. These claimed facts which Spiritualists offer us as proof of that which they declare to be true are not new facts. What is called modern Spiritualism itself is less than half a century old, but these general manifestations of a certain class and kind of facts have been reported down from the very dawn of human history. In the household of old Dr. Phelps, of Connecticut, father of Professor Phelps, of Andover, there were unquestionably certain manifestations of abnormal power that have never yet found any explanation, unless, indeed, they can find it here.

In the home of the Wesleys there were similar manifestations continued for a long period.

From almost every nation, every religion, every age, there come to us these stories of abnormal, unusual occurrences; things that usually the people have called miracles that they were not able to explain. Now, here is the point that I wish to emphasize. Are these stories, hundreds of them, told by the gravest and most reliable writers and historians of the world—are they true? They certainly are not conscious falsehoods. Do they mean that the people who reported these things in all ages were so little to be relied on that they should be constantly liable to this sort of delusion from the beginning of the world until now? I simply wish to say this: If I may believe in the central thought of Modern Spiritualism, that fact would run a line of light, a line of sanity, back up the ages through every religion, through every nation, through every tribe, and would give me an added respect for the ability of the average man to observe and tell the truth. It would explain a thousand things that are now inexplicable. It would explain not only the Bible, but the Scriptures of all ages, and the writings of grave old Roman writers, like Livy, and almost all writers of ancient times.

Brush them one side, and put them down with scorn to the credulity of man, and we must believe, what I do like to believe, that men have been too credulous in all these ages. To believe that there was a kernel of truth in their re-

ports would give an added respect for human nature.

Here, also, might be found a rational explanation of the ancient oracles, and of such claims as that made by Socrates concerning the *daimon* that was his constant attendant and teacher.

Then what a light it would throw upon the whole Bible. For the Bible looked at from the standpoint of the rationalist is nothing but a spiritualistic book from beginning to end. Its entire significance is in its Spiritualism. It is full to running over with it from one cover to the other. Must we put everything there down to the wildest kind of delusion? Must we not, unless there is some ground for these beliefs? I would like to believe something a little more to the credit of these reporters.

Let me indicate to you one kind of influence it would have on my thinking. I do not believe at all the physical resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. On the testimony contained in the New Testament, I see little cause for believing even in his spiritual reappearance. The testimony of the New Testament concerning the resurrection of Jesus, if it were paralleled by testimony in a court of justice, would not be accepted, for it is simply the anonymous testimony of people whom we can not cross-examine as to certain very strange and wonderful things that happened nearly two thousand years ago. One of the strangest things to me is to find people who believe in these stories told in the New Testament, but who do not believe the modern ones. For the modern ones are of precisely the same kind, and have this advantage over the old: that they have the living testimony of hundreds and thousands of credible men and women, while the old stories are no more credible on their own account than the modern ones, and have no evidence that would be allowed if it were standing simply alone.

In view—and here is what I have in mind—in view of this, if I may be permitted to believe in the visible spirit appearance of any modern man who has died, why then it would be perfectly easy and rational for me to believe that Paul saw Jesus on the way to Damascus. It would not seem a supernatural fact, but a perfectly natural occurrence.

And here let me remove one common prejudice. Spiritualism makes no demand on us that we believe the supernatural. At most, it is only a question of words. A spiritual world, if it exists, is as natural as the physical world. All the mightiest forces are invisible, but not therefore supernatural.

I want to mention to you, also, a thought which strikes me as being of a great deal of importance, as springing out of the doctrine of evolution, as to these modern wonders; for evolution reaches from the beginning to the end, and there is no sort of reason to suppose that its force is spent, but every reason to suppose the contrary. Note one thing of vast significance. The lowest forms of life, worms and fishes, occupy a horizontal position. They have very little development of brain, very simple nervous systems. The force of evolution has tended ever to lift from the horizontal plane up through higher forms of life, reptile, bird, mammal, till you have man perpendicular, standing on his feet, with immense development of brain and nervous power. Does evolution stop there? No; it has left the physical, ages ago. It is not producing marked changes in the structure of the body, but it seizes on the brain and intellectual power, and raises that. It seizes on the moral, the ethical nature of man, until to-day, as I have had occasion more than once to tell you, the ethical ideal is mightier than any physical or intellectual force in all the world. But it did not stop there. It seized the spiritual nature of man; and now it would seem to me in perfect accord with the scientific doctrine of evolution to suppose that we may reach still higher yet—that there is to be a grand, a free, a widespread and general development of the spiritual nature of man. If so, then it will be in perfect accord with this teaching that there should have been sporadic and occasional manifestations of this in the past ages of the world, leading up to the moment of its more general recognition.

One other point I must notice and emphasize a little. It seems to me that a great many people are intellectually con-

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Writings for the Golden Gate.  
Ortega Hill.  
By H. L. WILLIAMS.

This somewhat noted place lies directly on the ocean, contiguous to Summerland on the east, but is not included in the city plot. On the level plateau at its summit, H. L. Williams has generously donated twelve acres on which to erect a first-class hotel and sanitarium. Of the latter there is none west of the Rocky mountains; if there is on the Atlantic coast, I am not aware of it. The need of such an institution has long been deeply felt by those who have realized the sad destiny of aged and worn out mediums left without homes or adequate means of support, after long years of arduous and faithful labor in the cause of Spiritualism. May the good angels speed this work so nobly begun by the generous donor. Many persons may feel an interest in this grand plan, who cannot at present, personally visit the place; a description of this noted hill may not, therefore, be amiss to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE.

On the south the slope to the ocean beach is somewhat precipitous; the P. R. R. winds around its base, near the beach, as it passes through the colony grounds. On the parts of the hill on the land sides it slopes gradually to the valley; thus the ascent by the carriage road is rendered easy and pleasant. The ground donated is two hundred feet above the sea level, and commands a view of surpassing beauty and sublimity, beyond the power of the pen of the ready writer or gifted artist to adequately portray; at no other point on this coast, probably on the continent, could another location have been selected, so richly endowed by nature as the one chosen. On the south, the Pacific Ocean, bounded only by the horizon, rolls its waves upon the beach, laving its silvery sands with its white foam, ever ebbing and advancing with its musical rhythm, they chant their vespers evermore. The bay, dotted here and there with small boats with their white wings spread to catch the breeze, while farther away in the channel larger vessels pass and repass on their way to distant ports. Twenty-eight miles distant, lie the Channel Islands, 2500 feet at their highest point, extending many miles east and west, breaking the force of the heavy swell of the sea, and its cold winds, thus rendering the waters of Santa Barbara channel calm and pleasant for boating, bathing, picnicing, walking or other recreations. The coast, with its grand scenery is visible for many miles. At low tide the beach ride extends to Santa Barbara, five miles distant. The turrets and steeples of this city of 12,000 inhabitants are visible, with many of its fine residences, also Castle Rock, its long wharf, railroad depot, etc. On the east Carpenteria valley, with fertile fields and fruitful orchards, its city now building up rather slowly but surely with its many suburban residences, are plainly visible. To the north are the Santa Ynez mountains, 4,000 feet at their highest altitude; these shield the valley from the cold winds, also from the hot winds from the sandy desert, from which Lower California so often suffers. These grand mountains are sometimes seen crowned with snow, while the valleys at their base are decked in gala dress adorned with flowers, not a leaf, bud or blossom injured by the cold.

Even tropical plants are free from injury through the coldest months of our winters. One of the loveliest scenes ever plainly visible at Ortega, is of the sea mists at early morn, rolling up to the mountain heights from valley and foothills, clothing the same in dense whiteness, which the rising sun irradiates with iridescent rays; these mists soon break into soft, fleecy, white clouds with sunny rifts, they rise undulate, like silvery veils, float over the mountain peaks and disappear against the distant horizon; at eventide they often seem at their tops as if enveloped in a mantle of crimson and gold, deepening to rich purple, as the shades descend upon them, hiding them from view.

To the north-west, looking from the summit of the site selected on the hill, lies Montecito valley, queen of all the valleys, as to natural scenery, like a grand and beautiful panorama unrolled at the feet of the beholder, extending several miles; highly cultivated fields, fine suburban residences, surrounded by not only native but tropical plants, shrubbery and trees, flowers and fruit trees, with many cottages embowered in roses and choice flowers; no home so humble in this lovely valley but has been beautified, if not with the more expensive outlay of the wealthier class, yet with much taste and unwearied labor, where roses and lilies and the varieties of flowers dear to us in our old Eastern homes, abound in profusion. The foothills are utilized to the base of the Santa Ynez for grain and fruit; orchards of lemons and oranges now laden with golden fruit; vineyards, which in their season, will become purple with their abundant yield. It must be borne in mind that nearly all tropical fruits can be matured in this part of California. Montecito has not neglected its privilege in this respect, as viewed from a distance it appears like a delightful garden, so highly is it cultivated, so varied its productions; it cannot be described, it must be seen to be appreciated.

Whichever way one turns from the summit of Ortega Hill, there is a glory and a beauty in the scenery for all lovers of nature. The air is redolent of sweetness, the balmy breeze bears on its wings the

perfume of flowers and fruits from the surrounding valleys and foothills. Let each one imagine for themselves a picture replete with beauty and grace; they cannot thus surpass the reality of the one which greets the eye from that slight elevation, so judiciously selected as an adjunct of Summerland. Santa Barbara has been termed the "Italy of America," and with its suburban surroundings, its hills and dales, its grand mountains and ocean scenery, and its equable climate—ever delightful—it certainly deserves the title, and is not unknown to fame either in the heated tropics or the frozen regions of the north. Many are looking forward with hope to the time they may come hither to seek a home for themselves and loved ones.

"From orange grove to pine clad hills,  
And far beyond the rolling sea,  
This pleasing hope e'en now enthralls  
Hearts of both high and low degree."

If a first-class hotel is erected, as is contemplated, it will attract visitors not only from distant parts of our own country, but from other lands far away. Hither will come tourists to enjoy climate and scenery, rest and recreation nowhere else to be found. It will become a star of hope to invalids, guiding them to possible recovery, or at least, a longer lease of life. To the weary world workers it will promise a quiet haven of rest, where they may restore their exhausted energies to their normal condition, enabling them to again enter upon life's duties. Feeble mothers wearied and worn with delicate children, will find it a home of delightful possibilities, a quiet restfulness in the surroundings, the mild, salubrious sea breeze ever exhilarating, promise propitious results. The beach is almost a paradise to children to delve in the silvery sands, to run up and down in search of mosses and shells, to sport in the retreating waves, provides happiness and health. Facilities will be furnished for recreation and enjoyment of their elders. Bathing can be indulged in eight months in the year, for the most hardy the year round. What more can one ask than this highly favored location offers?

There can be little doubt, if the intentions of the generous donor are carried out, that such an institution will become a blessing to the world, and largely remunerate those who may purchase shares. It is sincerely to be hoped this grand work may be carried on to a successful completion.

SANTA BARBARA.

#### The Devil Theory.

[Christian Union.]

We object to the editorial in the last *Popular Science Monthly* with the above title, because it is unscientific. We object to it on the same ground that we object to a recent article on the same side of the same subject by Mr. Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century*. There are three positions possible respecting the spirit world. We can say we have some means of knowing something about a spirit world, and that we have reason to believe that there are good and evil spirits, disembodied, which influence men. We can say we have some means of knowing something on the subject, and there is no reason to believe that there are such spirits which influence men. Or we may say that we have no means of knowing anything on the subject. The one thing that we cannot say is that we have no means of knowing anything on the subject, and therefore there cannot be such spirits. This last is the position of agnosticism, and it is self-contradictory. Its premise devours its conclusion. Spiritual dogmatism we can understand; materialistic dogmatism we can understand; but agnostic dogmatism is a contradiction in terms. Mr. Huxley refutes Mr. Huxley. And though the self-refutation of the *Popular Science Monthly* is not quite so self-evident, it is written between the lines.

We do not maintain the doctrine of demoniacal possession on theological grounds. We do not hold it as an article of faith. We do not think it vital to religion. Orthodoxy does not require belief in a devil, but only in a God. It is not impossible to interpret the New Testament rationally and disbelieve in the influence of evil spirits. The few cases of demoniacal possession recorded in the New Testament might all be eliminated from the narrative, and all that is vital in the Gospels would be left untouched. We hold to the reality of evil spirits and their influence on mankind, because there is nothing in reason against it, and because it is the best, simplest and most natural explanation, both of Scripture history and of certain phenomena, in modern life. We repudiate materialism in all its forms and phases, as unscientific and unphilosophical—a waning belief never more than plausible, never, even apparently true to one who looked beneath the mere surface of life. We see not the least reason to suppose that the soul is dependent for its existence or its activity on the body. We see the body waste away, and the soul grow stronger. We see the body grow old, and the soul lose nothing of the fire and hope and life of its youth. We stand by the side of the dying friend, and the last pressure of his hand, the last gleam of his eye, are as full of love as were his heartiest grip, his cheeriest look. We see the spirits of noble men inspiring other men less noble than themselves. We see the spirits of malign men malignantly influencing natures not so strong as them-

selves. We see occasionally a man apparently pass under the absolute control of a stronger personality. We see this influence exerted at times through the very slightest visible and sensible medium of intercommunication. We read apparently well-authenticated accounts, and a great many of them, of such influence exerted where there is no visible medium of intercommunication. And we decline to say dogmatically that this cannot be, or to accept any such conclusion, because some one else says so dogmatically in the name of materialistic science. We see no special reason to think it incredible that the spirit, though it has passed from the body, still retains a power of influence over those who remain in the body. We meet continually in life with phenomena which are more easily explained on this hypothesis than on any other. We see no slightest reason against it. Therefore we adopt it; not as an assured conviction, but as a probable and rational hypothesis.

Perhaps we may be permitted to quote from what, as the result of a special study on this subject, we wrote some twenty years ago; twenty years of reflection have not led us to a different conclusion from the same premises.

"It may be confidently asserted that if there are no cases of demonstrable demoniacal possession in modern times, there are material phenomena which the hypothesis of such possession better solves than any other. What more reasonable explanation has science to afford in the case of that nurse who begged to be dismissed from her mistress's service because in undressing the child whom she devoutly loved, an almost irresistible passion seized her to tear it to pieces; or that young girl who, otherwise exemplary, seemed to herself to be impelled by a spirit to acts of incendiarism; or that young lady who begged with tears that she might have the strait waistcoat put upon her, that she might not be suffered to yield to the irresistible desire to kill some one; or that distressed chemist, of a naturally amiable character, who went himself to the asylum, that he might be prevented from indulging in a like unnatural propensity; or that epileptic peasant who sought to be chained that he might not slay the mother whom he loved; or that English gentleman who only by the most strenuous act of the will resisted the horrid impulse to murder his own children; or that respectable old lady who endeavored to strangle her own daughter without provocation; or that young lady of good parentage and education who was driven on to acts of utter and abandoned shamelessness, impelled, as she thought, by the power of Satan, which she was incapable of resisting; or that young man who begged to be restrained by others from the commission of acts of violence, whose criminal nature he fully recognized, but from the commission of which he no longer seemed able to restrain himself. Is it certain that these persons, all of whom recognized the difference between right and wrong, in all of whom a double nature seemed to dwell, in all of whom conscience and their own better desires remonstrated against the crime which they abhorred, but in all of whom there seemed to their own consciousness another spirit dwelling, whose instigations they were powerless to resist—is it certain that their own testimony that they were 'impelled by a shade,' or 'prompted by Satan,' is not more consistent with reason as it is certainly more consistent with Scripture, than the material philosophy which endeavors to trace the disorder to a disease of the brain, which the utmost microscopic scrutiny after death often fails to disclose? We are far from asserting that these and kindred cases are scientifically traceable to demoniacal possession. We do unhesitatingly assert that, in the present confessed ignorance of the causes of moral and mental disease, such an hypothesis is not to be superciliously rejected.

All honest and intelligent—yes, ignorant—believers in the soul's immortality are natural allies, and while moving in different, or even seemingly opposite paths, are bound for the same goal. And hence, it is neither becoming nor generous for us who believe in so-called supernatural phenomena—either in the past, present, or both—to scoff at one another because of the different modes and fashions of the outside garments we wear.

Yet when Squire Wendorff and Robert Elsmere discard "materialization," and other phenomena, as recorded in the past, Spiritualists join in the applause; and then when Huxley not only denies all ancient miracle, but writes a very foolish letter in which he gravely informs the public of the sort of "shoe-leather" essential to the ready production of modern phenomena that have in the past forty years modified, if not revolutionized, the creeds of the world, and permeated every school of literature, Christians hurrah for Huxley; while Atheists, who believe in nothing but a brief dispensation of themselves, not only endorse Huxley, but regard both Christians and Spiritualists as liars, who have swung into the plumb-line of veracity long enough to tell the truth concerning each other.

This result is no doubt partly due to a confession of terms, but more to a narrow sectarianism on all sides—a sectarianism that renders average human nature blind to the truth that Nature is a harp of a thousand strings, and that the human soul is not only supplied with a back-door, front-door, and windows, but with a dome and skylight, through which it may get knowledge of the upper worlds and planets.

#### Sectarianism.

[James G. Clark, in the *World's Advance Thought*.] Sectarianism, wherever found, is spiritual "miasma." There will be no demand for books like "Robert Elsmere," and men like Robert Ingersoll, in the line of rationalistic missionary work, when the Christian Church becomes indeed the church universal, opening all its doors, windows and skylights to the great truth that humanity is a unit, and that church and creedal lines are as powerless to prevent the impartial touch of the Infinite, and the predestined influx of spirit presence, under proper conditions, as the land surveyor's division lines are to prevent the summer sunshine from quickening the soil. It is, to me, a marvel that so many intelligent people of all creeds are so slow to learn that spiritual faith, of all ages, shades and grades, is one in principle, purpose and end, and that the proof of this principle does not depend upon any one particular age or record, but that it adheres in, and manifests itself through, the imperishable instincts of the soul, differing in manifestation according to structure and circumstance.

The mist of the ocean headlands is a healthy tonic, while the same amount of original moisture rising from a pestilence-breeding swamp is called "miasma," and acts as poison to the system. And so the difference between the varied phases of the spiritual principle—past and present—is not that of Original Source, but of expression incident to the paths it has taken, either through choice or necessity, in search of light.

Yet the malaria-breeding swamp is far preferable to the dry, bald, cheerless desert representing Atheism. All great impulses that sweep through the realms of human experience—like great rivers that sweep through continents—are necessities for the fulfillment of great ends, and their value depends largely upon the way in which we relate ourselves to them.

When the Christian Church learns how to properly accept and utilize the growing, irrepressible consciousness of spirit presence, out of which all forms of religious faith have sprung, it is possible that the vast army of honest believers outside of the creeds—and the world is full of them, though Mrs. Ward seems to ignore them utterly—will begin, through a careful comparison of notes, to realize that human souls are magnets, subject to the laws of attraction and repulsion, and that the most powerful and irresistible magnet of our planet is to be found in him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

All honest and intelligent—yes, ignorant—believers in the soul's immortality are natural allies, and while moving in different, or even seemingly opposite paths, are bound for the same goal. And hence, it is neither becoming nor generous for us who believe in so-called supernatural phenomena—either in the past, present, or both—to scoff at one another because of the different modes and fashions of the outside garments we wear.

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equitable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

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Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

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## From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE, by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. FOX, Scribe for the Order of Light.)

## Children of the Order:

Saidie, in her messages to you, would lead your thought to the land where waiting homes and guardians beckon each earth pilgrim. Far away from earth conditions, where not a breath therefrom can reach the soul, are the homes and loved ones you seek. Far back into the past your histories run, although now in the valley of forgetfulness you may roam. Still, Saidie says, the night thereof will fade away, when resurrection morn shall dawn upon the soul.

"How we forget" is oft said by the returning pilgrim, as one scene after another appears in view before the waking life. "How we forget" the loves that are our own, the homes that for many years have not resounded with the sound of our voices, yet the dear homes where we have lived and loved, where life has been happy and bright for long period of time.

How insignificant seem the years of earth life, be these four-score or more, when compared to the eternities that have opened their gates and bidden us again enter and share again the joys that were ours ere earth claimed us its children. Such thoughts Saidie hears expressed o'er and o'er by returning ones, returning from life's conflicts, returning from the battle grounds to take up anew the threads of life, lain down for a time and purpose.

Children, can you comprehend such an awakening to life? Comes there not oft to the soul visions of the real to which you now tend, even through the shadowy, the mythical? Think it not strange, our children, that oft you meet those in the earth valley who seem to have been companions and friends on some far away shore, at a far away time. Think not strange that sweet melodies oft come to the heart upon the passing breeze; that something like the memory of forgotten scenes passes through the brain at times. These are dreams, perchance, but dreams which are but the reflex of realities.

Waking time will come. The resurrection morn is not so far away. Home with its open door will welcome again the wanderers who went forth laden with a mission of unfoldment, and who shall return bearing fulfillment of cherished hopes and trophies of good.

Therefore children whom Saidie loves, bear well and bravely all your trials, knowing this land is not your home; this life contains not that which each soul shall receive as an inheritance bequeathed by love. Saidie looks o'er the length and breadth of the Order; she sees therein hearts laden with trial, bowed down with sorrow, and her mother heart longs to bring a balm of comfort, longs to bestow blessings unstintingly, where she sees the great need. Children bearing heavy burdens, think not that Saidie forgets; she sees the bitter cup pressed by circumstances to your lips, knows the heart trials you bear; and yet, children, 'tis a hand of love, leading you through the fiery furnace, where you shall become refined as gold. In the time to come, when you shall enter triumphantly the land and life beyond, you will say "not one trial too great nor burden too heavy to give my spirit the wisdom and strength I now possess," and you will thank the power that led through the battle grounds, e'en through the conflict, to the land of peace where victory has unfurled her banner and heads may wear the laurel-crown they have well and richly earned. Know you are earning and shall own the triune crown of wisdom you shall wear; know you are gaining through experience the wisdom your souls need, and bravely endure, bear and forbear, trusting the wisdom of higher guides and the deep love of your own, those whose love is not that of earth, but born in the heart of Deity. Look upon material life as a school in which to unfold your immortal powers, your divine faculties and patiently, firmly walk its rough way, knowing that the light from far away spheres will never grow dim, but is fadeless as the land from whence it has come to bless your pathway. Be true, and Saidie's love shall never fail, nor the blessing of high heaven be withheld.

Peace be with you,

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Oswego, April, 18, 1889.

HAVE you known the sudden waking from sleep and from fever at once, the consciousness that life is life, that life is the law of things; that coolness and the gladness, when the garment of pain which, like the fabled garment of Dejanira, enwrapped and ate into your being, have folded back from head and heart, and you look out once more new-born? It is God. This is His will, His law of life, conquering the law of death. Tell me not of natural laws, as if I were ignorant of them, or meant to deny them. The question is whether those laws go wheeling on of themselves in a symmetry of mathematical shapes, or whether their perfect order, their unbroken certainty of movement, is not the expression of a perfect intellect informed by a perfect heart. Law is truth; has it a soul of thought, of love, or has it not? If not, then farewell hope and love and possible perfection. But for me, I will hope on, fight with the invading un-

belief; for the horror of being the sport of insensate law, the more perfect the more terrible, is hell and utter perdition.—Geo. McDonald.

## Victorian Sardon on Spiritualism.

[Harbinger of Light.]

MY DEAR RAMBAULD. Forty years ago I was a curious observer of the phenomena which, under the name of magnetism, somnambulism, ecstasy, second sight, &c., were in my young days derided by the savants. When I ventured to take part in some experiments, in order that my skepticism might be corrected by evidence, how I was laughed at for my pains! I can still hear the guffaw of an old doctor of my acquaintance to whom I spoke of a certain young girl having been placed in a cataleptic condition. A gun was fired close to her ear, and a red hot iron almost touched her neck, but she never stirred. "But," responded the worthy man, "women are such deceivers."

Now, every one of the facts so obstinately denied them are at this moment accepted and affirmed by the very people who treated them as juggleries. Not a day passes in which some youthful scientist does not reveal to me as novelties, things which I knew before he was born. I see nothing changed but the name. It is no longer magnetism—as you may imagine, the word has an unpleasant sound in the ears of the men who ridiculed it so much—it is now hypnotism, suggestion—designations which are more acceptable. In adopting them they wished it to be understood that magnetism was really a deception, which they have effectually disposed of, and that official science has a double claim upon our gratitude; for having delivered us from it, and for having endowed us in exchange with a scientific truth—hypnotism—which, however, is the same thing.

One day (it was a long time ago), I quoted to a very able surgeon the fact, so well known to-day, of insensibility having been produced in certain subjects by making them look fixedly at a mirror, or some other brilliant object, so as to produce strabismus. The revelation was received with shouts of laughter, and with many smart jests upon my "magic mirror." Years passed by, the same man came to breakfast with me, excusing himself for being late; having been detained extracting a tooth from a young lady who was very nervous and very timid. "I have tried a new and very curious experiment upon her," said he; "by the aid of a small metallic mirror I succeeded in putting her into such a sound sleep that I took the tooth out without her knowing it." "There," I exclaimed, "excuse me, but it was I who first mentioned that fact to you, and how you ridiculed it!" Considerably disconcerted at first, my friend presently resumed: "True, but you spoke of magic; this is hypnotism."

This is the way official science has treated all our poor misunderstood truths. After having sneered at them, it coolly appropriates them, taking care, first of all, to change their names. However, whatever its title, there it is, duly established. And since our savants have finally discovered at the Salpetrière what all Paris might have seen in the reign of Louis XV. at the cemetery of St. Medard, there is room to hope that it will descend to occupy itself some day with that Spiritualism which it fancies it has killed with its scorn, and which has never been more lively than to-day. All it will have to do will be to bestow another name upon it in order to claim for itself the merit of having discovered it after all the world had long known it.

Spiritualism in the present day has to overcome two serious obstacles: 1. the indifference of a generation more and more given over to its pleasures and to its material interests; and 2. that feebleness of character which becomes daily more manifest, when no one has the courage of his opinions, but is always preoccupied by those of his neighbor, and never allows himself to adopt one until it has been satisfactorily proved that it is that of everybody else. In all things—art, letters, politics, science, etc.—that which is most dreaded is to pass for a simpleton, who believes in something; or for an enthusiast, who is capable of admiration. . . . How many people concerned about the opinions of others, even when otherwise convinced of the reality of spirit manifestations by the most decisive proofs, have the courage publicly to avow it, to confess their faith in this age of enlightenment, to brave the indignation of Joseph Prudhomme, this terrible apostrophe, which was dinned into my own ears long ago. "What! then you acknowledge the supernatural?" No Prudhomme, no, I do not admit the supernatural; for inasmuch as no fact or phenomenon can be produced except by the operation of a law of nature, Spiritualism is therefore natural. And to deny a priori, without examination, under the pretext that a law producing it does not exist, because it is unknown; to contest the reality of the fact because it does not enter into the order of established facts and recognized laws, is the error of a badly balanced mind, which supposes that it knows all the laws of nature. If any saxon puts forth such a pretension, he must be a poor creature. But what I do expect from you is the serious examination of the facts when they force themselves upon your notice; and I can promise you some surprises.

Yours,  
V. SARDOU.

## 'With What Body Do They Come?'

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Rev. Alfred Kummer, taking the above words for his text, discoursed on the resurrection of the dead to a vast audience at the Taylor street M. E. Church on Easter Sunday. The learned Doctor took the ground that there would be a resurrection of the veritable dead body at the final Day of Judgment. The discourse which lies before me is too long and exhaustive for me to give more than a casual glance, as the great effort and strong power the Doctor tried to make, was the literal resurrection of the body, and endeavored to give his hearers some idea with what kind of bodies the saints would have, on that great occasion, and that was what seemed to bother him; but that they were to be material bodies, there could be no doubt, but what process God would use on bringing this about, was beyond the comprehension of the learned divine.

Whether acetic or sulphuric acid would be used, or some other chemical substance, the Doctor did not know; but he very kindly intimated that he was willing to leave it all to God, which was very considerate, especially when the Doctor declared that the saints alone would share in the first resurrection, and did not forget to add that they (the wicked), should not leave the glorious body of the saints, but filled with shame and contempt, their whole external appearance corresponding with their mortal agony, they shall be consigned to their place, a place of woe forever.

To a philosopher, to a person who has given the subject thought and investigation, the Doctor's sermon seems ridiculous in the extreme, and quite immaterial and unphilosophical; and, I may add unscriptural, for the Reverend Doctor took upon himself to change the obvious meaning of the word, for St. Peter declares "there is a material body and a spiritual body." With others there will be a spiritual body, but there is (now) a spiritual body. One thing has always seemed strange to me, that the Christian world should be so tenacious and determined to have, in the life to come, a material body, when they teach that God is a spirit; that angels in heaven are spirits, that even the Devil is a spirit.

Thus, we are to become like the angels, and yet contend that we poor mortals must wear in the presence of the ever living Spirit, material bodies; and I sometimes think that it is owing entirely to the grossness and materiality of our good brothers and sisters in the church, for the sacred writer declares "that the mortal mind cannot perceive the things of the Spirit because they are spiritually perceived."

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR. April 13, 1889.

It is a poor extenuation of a man's ill-conduct to say that "there was nothing really wrong about him—he was only indiscreet"; for it is as much a man's duty to know his duty as it is to do his duty when he knows it.

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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

## HOW FAITH ACTS.

That is, orthodox faith. *Signs of the Times* says: "It has, as it were, two hands. With the one hand it is constantly rolling upon Christ every worry, every sorrow, every trial, every crushing and overwhelming demand, so that never a thing comes to the soul for a moment or touches it, but that the soul at once relieves itself of its burden by casting that burden upon the Savior."

We do not call that faith, but selfishness. What on earth, or in heaven, did that good man Christ ever do to deserve such inconsiderate, cruel treatment from mankind? And how contemptible does man become in thus shirking the burdens of life, that are evidently designed for each mortal wayfarer to share in bearing! Not to do so, is just the same in principle, as for one member of a great household to do the work and drudgery for all the others, and bear the blame of all their sins. Occasionally, by some unfortunate chance, a human being goes through this world on "flowery beds of ease," but they never amount to true men and women here, and we doubt whether they would make even third-rate angels until they learned to help themselves and then others.

We think Christ suffered quite enough while he lived on earth, and for our part we don't propose to lay any burdens at his feet or upon his shoulders that we may go free. It is a far better faith that trusts in the honesty and integrity of man to carry all the "worries, sorrows, trials and crushing demands" that fall upon him, because in this exercise of moral courage and fortitude, lies his soul's growth and salvation. Let us all endeavor to follow Christ's example, but his shoulders bore its cross, and so should ours.

## GOD'S WILL.

God's will, if he has any to man, is one of charity, otherwise there would not be a perpetual call for the exercise of that virtue toward our fellow beings. Neither riches nor poverty are accidental, but are states brought about through the instrumentality of man that shall unfold the spiritual qualities and perfections of the soul. Gratitude is next to charity, blessed. He or she who can feel grateful, would be charitable, and all may be in some way. Those who cannot give alms, may yet give comfort and consolation by kind feelings manifested in words, and the reposing of confidence in those who are doubted.

The rich are to be envied for the power they possess of earning the love and gratitude of those around them. We can imagine no happier mortal just now than Mrs. Rosendorf of New York City, who in accordance with a yearly custom of hers, distributed on the 14th of April to the assembled poor of Mott, Chrystie, Baxter and Hester streets, four thousand pounds of unleavened bread, and the same number of pounds of good beef. "This," she said, "gives me more pleasure than to build houses or to wear diamonds."

Did you see how happy it made them?

Of course, it was only for a little while, but it is better than not at all. Could you believe there were so many hungry people in this rich city?"

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.—Last Sunday's meeting closed the work of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless and Mrs. E. B. Crosette in this hall for the present. In the morning Mrs. Crosette spoke from these words: "Purpose of Life Experiences." Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless and Mrs. L. Higgins followed with appropriate thoughts, closing with tests. The evening questions were answered by Mrs. E. B. Crosette, and tests of a remarkably convincing character were given by Mrs. Nickless. To a lady was said, "There stands by your side a lady who wishes you to tell her son Johnnie she came, and sends her love." The lady did not recognize the spirit. The control said, "Why you know me and you know my son Johnnie, who is at school and lives with his grandmother, my mother!" The lady failed to recognize, and the spirit with much vehemence said: "Don't you know Mary Carter and my son Johnnie?" The lady exclaimed, "Oh, yes, yes! I know them well." Two children, girl of eight and boy of five years of age, who passed on from diphtheria, their demise occurring nearly at the same time, came to a lady and were recognized. These are two of many tests that were given and recognized.

Mrs. Melissa Miller returned from her trip to Summerland on Wednesday morning last, and is again ready for home-work. Mrs. Miller did a grand work in Summerland, and returns full of the Holy Ghost.

## GRAND TENT MEETING IN SUMMER-LAND.

On Thursday the 9th inst., a party of twenty-two excursionists, on profit and pleasure boat, sailed out through the Golden Gate on the good steamer *Santa Rosa*, for Santa Barbara. More would have gone, but at the last moment the terrors of the sea overcame the good intentions of some, and other causes operated to prevent others from going. But though our numbers were small, our enthusiasm was great. We had the conscious assurance that there was a pentecostal season in store for us, the memory of which forever after would be bright and beautiful, and we were not disappointed.

Once out upon the "rolling deep," a few of the party experienced the usual disgust at the situation, and retired to their state-rooms to meditate on the unstable foundations of the sea. The night passed without incident, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful, as we lay at the wharf at Port Harford, where even the disgusted ones so far overcame their feelings as to partake of a good breakfast. A few hours more of pleasant sailing in a tranquil sea brought us to the welcoming arms of the fair St. Barbara, where carriages were in waiting to convey our party to Summerland.

A half hours' ride brought us to the new town, where we found camping accommodations for all who chose to remain, but so much better comforts could be had at the excellent hotels in Santa Barbara that several, on the following day, preferred the latter, and moved to town. The trains running at convenient hours, and stopping each way, at the camp, made this arrangement the more desirable.

A large delegation came up from Los Angeles, with representative Spiritualists from San Bernardino, Santa Monica, Pasadena, and other southern towns. They brought their own tents and camp equipments, and entered into the spirit of the occasion with right good will.

A great change has come over Summerland since our visit there ten weeks ago. There are now nine houses erected and in process of construction, and an abundant supply of pure water is distributed over the town.

Saturday morning dawned foggy and cheerless, giving us all the shivers; but as the day wore on the clouds lifted, and the genial sunshine brought the prophecy of a better day to-morrow to many anxious hearts. And we were not disappointed, for a more delightful day than Sunday last never blessed this grand old earth. The ocean lay calm and smooth as glass at our feet; the air was soft and balmy as a dream of Paradise; the mountains to the north smiled down upon us in a haze of mellow glory, and all combined to form a scene of peaceful and quiet beauty which we have never seen surpassed.

H. L. Williams, the founder of Summerland, aided by earnest and faithful friends of the Cause, had erected a platform and covered auditorium, with seats for a large audience. The rostrum was beautifully decorated with flowers and twining vines, the work of many willing and tasteful hands. An organ was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Rush, who furnished excellent music for the occasion.

The morning meeting was held at 11 o'clock, with J. J. Owen in the chair. It consisted mainly of the consideration and adoption, by unanimous vote, of the following platform of resolutions presented by the Chairman:

WHEREAS, In the progress and unfoldment of the Spiritual work on the Pacific Coast,—for the better preservation of the phenomenal facts upon which we base our knowledge of a future life, and for the advancement of the great principles of the Spiritual philosophy,—it has been deemed advisable in the councils of the wisdom spirits most deeply interested in the welfare of humanity, to establish a colony, or home, or place of resort, for both spirits and mortals in sympathy with spiritual truth, where they may focalize their forces, and radiate a broader and deeper influence among men. And

WHEREAS, The land platted and known as the Spiritualist Colony of Summerland, having been selected for this purpose, and the work of building homes thereon, and the laying out of streets and grounds having been commenced, now therefore be it

Resolved, That we do hereby approve the location of this colony, and do most cordially invite all Spiritualists, wheresoever located, to unite with us in harmony, love and sympathy, for the betterment of their own lives and the uplifting of humanity generally.

Resolved, That knowledge is the keystone of the arch of salvation, and that sin will disappear from the world in proportion as man becomes truly enlightened, and that there can be no true enlightenment except through the illumination of man's spiritual nature with the divine light of love for humanity and for the All-Good.

Resolved, That in the dissemination of the gospel of Spiritualism it becomes us, knowing our own liability to error, to be charitable towards others and considerate of their opinions, however erroneous, knowing that they are the outgrowth often of centuries of wrong education, as well as of ignorance, and that the true way to advance our Cause is to demonstrate in our own lives and conduct its superiority over all other systems and creeds, by supplanting faith with knowledge, and a God of wrath and hate by one of infinite Love.

Resolved, That we do hereby pledge ourselves to dwell in peace and good will with our fellowmen, ever seeking for the trust good in our own lives and theirs; and that we do send forth our aspirations to the angel hosts to watch over and protect from all discord and strife, all inharmony and unkindness, our beautiful Summerland.

Then followed a conference meeting in which those grand souls, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke of San Bernardino, Mrs. C. Weeks of Los Angeles, Mrs. Melissa Miller of San Francisco, Dr. T. B. Taylor of Los Angeles, and others took part. That brave pioneer and sweet singer, Mrs. O. K. Smith, sang a beautiful solo with guitar accompaniment, and our noble poet-singer, James G. Clark, sang two of his grandest airs.

The meeting was a fine success both as to numbers and the great harmony which prevailed. In fact, throughout the meetings, there was a spirit of forbearance and gentleness manifested on the part of all the speakers that we have never seen excelled in any public meeting.

The afternoon meeting commenced promptly

at two o'clock, with every seat filled and a vast array of carriages packed round about, filled with eager listeners.

At the commencement of the meeting the Chairman called for a collection of \$25 to meet the final payment on a seance-room erected on the grounds belonging to Henry R. Allen, the well known physical medium. The audience promptly responded with the amount required, showing the high esteem in which Mr. Allen is held in that part of the spiritual vineyard.

The Editor of the GOLDEN GATE then read James G. Clark's splendid poem entitled, "A Vision of the Old and New," which was followed by a discourse on "Summerland," (for synopsis of which see Sixth page of this issue of the G. G.) Mrs. O. K. Smith presented a remonstrance against the passage of the Blair Bill, the adoption of which she strenuously urged, and the same was afterwards circulated for signatures.

Dr. Taylor of Los Angeles was then introduced. He said:

"I have chosen a subject for this afternoon, and committed it to writing in part, but have been wholly unable to get the consent of my mind to deliver it. A strange influence has been upon me, and forbidden the discussion of the subject chosen, so I must submit to the powers that be, and do their bidding."

Mrs. Dr. Taylor then read "The New Thanasopsis," and the doctor put himself in what he calls the "electro-biological state," and delivered a stirring and appropriate address upon the practical work to be done. He said, in substance:

"We hope the chairman and friends, as well as our medium, will excuse us for interfering in the matter of the address arranged for this afternoon, but we see the necessity sometimes for changing the program. We wish to occupy a short time in presenting the practical work to be done. These paens of praises that have been sung of 'Summerland' are all well enough in their way, but suppose the Blair Bill to make Christianity the religion of the nation becomes a law, how long do you suppose it will be till the privilege that you enjoy to-day will be wrested from you?" (A voice, "Not long.")

"Let us look at the principle involved.

"When Pilate and Herod were made friends, then was Christ crucified." Here come Catholicism and Protestantism, and in the same spirit shake hands on this Blair Bill, and ask Congress, by petition signed by more than a million and a half of Catholics and Protestants, to throttle free thought, free speech, a free press, and a free religion, which would be the saddest event in the history of the nation.

"We are no alarmists, yet don't forget that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' We see, as do others, that dangers threaten the liberties of the nation. Let this bill become a law, and the halter is about your necks; then will follow a contest that may be something more than a war of words.

"The spiritual congress of the nation is doing

all in its power to make good the ejaculation of

one of your greatest and grandest of souls, when

in the patriotism of his noble life he exclaimed,

"O thou beloved land, bound together by the

strongest ties of brotherhood, and common interest

and peril, live forever one and undivided."

"See that the Blair Bill is defeated, and when from East to West, from North to South you gather here for great and grand purposes—not for an occasional picnic or camp-meeting—but to establish here a grand beacon light to the world, 'a light-house by the sea,' you will be successful in proportion as you adopt the principles of integral co-operation, of love, harmony and fidelity. But if you come with antagonism, with worldly wisdom, by which we mean competition instead of co-operation, you will only bite and devour one another, and be consumed one of another."

"Competitive labor only means, 'You skin me and I'll skin you, and the question as to who gets the hide will depend upon the sharpness of the knife and the length of the claws.' But adopt the rule of 'you help me and I'll help you,' and with wisdom and prudence go forward to build a grand sanitarium, a Spiritual Temple, and make this the seat of advanced learning, not in the teaching of languages and mathematics only, but in the teaching of the true philosophy of life, establish here a home for worn out and indigent mediums, and you will do a work that your children will be proud of in all the coming ages.

"A health institution in connection with a grand hotel is going to be one of the great elements of your success. Provide here the opportunity for angel healing in all its glorious forms, and it will indeed be a 'drawing card.'

These several points were elaborated with

much emphasis and to a much greater extent

than we are able to report.

His discourse was a very able one, and was

listened to throughout with marked attention.

Mrs. Miller followed with one of her most earnest talks, keeping the large audience in the best of humor, and giving many very convincing tests.

The Spiritualists of Santa Barbara are entitled to much credit for the success of this meeting. The arrangements were all that could be desired; and surely we never addressed a more intelligent or appreciative audience. It was indeed a "red letter" day for Summerland. The prospects for the new colony were never so bright as now. Several fine buildings are in contemplation, and the work of improvement is going steadily forward.

Mrs. Cawker, a lady of large wealth and energy, a resident of Colorado, visited the grounds a few weeks ago and purchased a number of lots, on which she is preparing to erect a beautiful residence. She is also contemplating the building of a street railroad to Santa Barbara, and other enterprises looking to the advancement of the new town. Hon. Wm. Bowley, of Australia, has purchased six lots, selected upon the ground, and is intending to erect a fine cottage thereon. One lady who erected a pretty cottage on her lots, has rented the same to a good tenant at a rental of 20 per cent of the entire cost of the property.

We regret that, from press of other matters, we are unable to present a more extended report of our trip. Of the meeting itself, we will add, that it was indeed a pentecostal season, including even the speaking by some in unknown tongues. That there was a wonderful spirit power centered there, was apparent to all present, in anywise sensitive. That great good will come from the upbuilding of Summerland is beyond question by all who have visited the place, and fairly considered its many advantages.

San Bernardino has organized a new spiritual society. They meet every Sunday evening, and have engaged for their speaker, for the present, Mrs. Ella Wilson-Marchant. We wish this new enterprise all success.

## W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, May 12th, W. J. Colville delivered two remarkable, inspirational discourses in this city and one in Oakland. The subject at Metropolitan Temple in the morning was, "Evolution in Relation to Spiritual Life." The speaker reviewed several recent criticisms of evolutionary doctrines, and enforced with great emphasis the desirability of treating all questions from the scientific standpoint, training the intellect so that emotion may not supersede judgment.

Professor Leconte of Berkeley University was alluded to in terms of eulogy, his views being spoken of as among the most elevated and advanced yet presented to the reading and thinking public.

His theory is that all life is essentially one; that the eternal energy we call God is behind all phenomena, producing all results. The old idea of a partial, limited Deity is at once displaced when this view is taken by a noble conception of an infinite spirit working out for every conscious creature a life of ultimate blessedness.

Prayer was treated in a manner which should be convincing to all believers in the potency of any psychic force in nature, as mental effort must ever bring with it its necessary sequence of result.

Such lectures can not be presented in abstract. They must be read entire if their full import is to be grasped.

The music was very good; the attendance large, and deeply interested.

In the afternoon Oakland Synagogue was crowded by persons of all forms of thought to listen to a dissertation on the true value of the Bible. Various theories were referred to by the speaker, but that of Swedenborg was pronounced by far the most likely to prevail among enlightened persons with deep spiritual feeling in the future, though, if the "New Church" wishes to be a genuine power in the world, it must expand many of its views and greatly enlarge and improve its method of work.

Swedenborg's philosophy, however, spreads quite independently of any special organization designed to propagate it, as in many respects it commends itself to the heart and mind by its deep spirituality and strong reasonableness.

Skeptics miss their mark in attacking the letter of the Bible without any insight into its spiritual meaning, while their talk of the unenlightened age when the different books were written is practically begging the question, as all writings in such periods were the work of the learned, and the learning of this age only excels that of past epochs in its greater universality.

Several difficult Scripture texts were elucidated according to correspondence, and a good general outline of the system given.

The music was a charming feature. Mrs. Chambers' fine voice rang out gloriously, while Miss Lang presided very ably at the organ.

In the evening there was a very good audience at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, when the subject of the morning lecture in the Temple was pursued further in an endeavor to answer the inquiry, Why does man believe in a Supreme Intelligence?

Mme. Bishop sang two very sweet solos, and the congregation assisted the choir in hymns.

On Sunday, May 19th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be as follows: Metropolitan Temple, 10:45 A. M., "Life and Writings of Count Tolstoi, their Influence on Progressive Thought."

Oakland Synagogue, 3 P. M., "The First Epistle of Peter—Christ Preaching to Spirits in Prison."

College Hall, 106 McAllister street, 7:30 P. M., "The Coming Creed of the World."

W. J. Colville's classes in San Francisco meet at 106 McAllister street this month only Tuesday and Friday 10 A. M., in Spiritual Science; 8 P. M. in Theosophy. Single admissions, 25 cents to any session. Class in Spiritual Science meets in Oakland Synagogue Monday and Thursday at 2:45 P. M.; at 1725 Everett street Alameda, same evenings, at 7:45.

All letters, etc., for W. J. Colville should be sent to 1119 Sutter street, S. F. He is open to engagements to deliver lectures on The New Industrial

## Independent Spiritual Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Washington Hall was filled last Sunday evening by an intelligent and appreciative audience. The meeting opened by a piano solo by Mr. Pettibone, skillfully executed, followed by the reading of a poem by Judge Swift entitled "From Whence Cometh Thy Soul?" an original inspirational poem by Jos. W. Maguire.

An address of three quarters of an hour on the subject of "Materialization Unveiled," by Jos. W. Maguire, was a masterly production, being Mr. Maguire's debut. As a speaker before the public, it was really a pleasurable surprise to his friends, and handled in such a manly, candid and logical manner, as to give no cause for offense by any one not endorsing his sentiments—holding two points in view: first, to discover how far science will open to us the mystery of spirit materialization, and second, how we can best prove the manifestations, whether they be real or false, regarding the injunction, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." His remarks were entirely impersonal, but the principles involved in the subject were handled in a logical and philosophical manner. Mr. Maguire will excel as a speaker as much so as he has in the art of singing.

Mrs. Price spoke and denounced in strong terms all spirit frauds which was degrading to the cause. The solos by Mrs. Mulhern and Mr. Maguire were highly appreciated by the audience. The sweetest thing of the evening was the zither duet by Mr. Pettibone and Mr. Wolf. Next Sunday evening the same subject will be considered. Speakers announced in the Sunday morning papers.

## The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There was the usual attendance at Fraternity Hall, 909½ Market street, last Sunday evening, at the Young People's Meeting. Dr. Dewey and G. F. Perkins furnished vocal music in addition to the congregational singing. Prof. Perkins gave some acknowledged to be correct phonological renderings, and Mrs. Perkins made a short address, following with platform tests, after which the audience "broke up into circles," and the many local mediums were busy for a half hour giving tests and loving communications from friends the other side of the veil. These meetings do not bristle all over with startling phenomena or sensational subjects for discussion, but attend strictly to the work of educating the people in a knowledge of the future, and will continue on this line as long as the managers remain in the city.

## Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There was a goodly number of mediums present to interest the investigator of Spiritualism, last Sunday. G. F. Perkins presided, as usual, and Dr. Dewey sang a song; also Messrs. Bean, Dewey and Perkins sang "We'll All be Gathered Home." Mrs. Hendee, the veteran worker, made a stirring address upon mediumship; after which circles were formed and the mediums present gave tests. Mrs. Hendee, Dr. Dewey, Mrs. McRea, Mrs. Jennie, and others, were exceedingly busy, and great satisfaction was expressed by the many present. All good mediums are welcome to develop their own faculties just as they wish. Each and all are invited to join regardless of creed or clique.

## Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday, at Fraternity Hall, to hold their usual exercises, Mr. Shepard presiding. Last Sunday evening, Mrs. Addie Ballou answered a number of questions propounded by the audience, very satisfactorily; also gave a number of tests, which were recognized. Next Sunday evening Mrs. Finnegan will occupy the platform the entire evening in giving tests. We invite all to come and investigate. Meetings commence at 7 P.M.

Yours, fraternally,

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Soul Lessons.

The soul is the real life, the conscious self, the God-life in our mortal body. This soul, given from the All-life in nature, the reality of existence, the thinking, good, inspiring, inner self. This real self, all ought to know; the time will come when all humanity will know. This restless wave is breaking, this wave of spirituality that extends to the earth and touches the soul of men, is a natural consequence from the soul-power of its spirit companion. The spirit world has power over the minds of mortals. Certain revelations, esoteric teachings will be given through the united love of truthful teachers who have advanced and possess the soul-power in nature.

Silently our work goes on in presence of faithful hearts not thought of by the outside world, striving humanity still, it will find its way, our light will shine when the time will be at hand. Powerful is our influence for good, for the good of the erring, the thoughtless and the ignorant.

First lesson is, "Know thyself." Yes, "know thyself," think and reflect. A man who can overcome his erring self, who will see himself in the true light, who can set aside all self-love, all conceit, with the true, sincere faith of higher help from our midst. This knowledge of unseen help will be universal in the near future; knowledge of the soul power of men—man will learn of his having a soul, a power to live forever, to learn of the law in nature combined to this soul, this inner self, this god-like part, the god of God; this soul to be developed, to be in harmony with the All-good, in nature.

Yes, "know thyself," be wise, be humble, be all-forbearing to the faults of others. This step takes will, soul power. Yes; reflect and think before you act, you will always profit by it. This active, resolute will-power is strong if practiced with soul thoughts which are always good. Always listen to that inner voice that always will be forgiving. Time will come when one can read another—when we

meet ourselves in the true light of understanding. Be not deceived in yourself; be always true; be truthful to all, and all will honor you. Truth and love go hand in hand; who follows these rules need not fear, the opinion of outsiders cannot harm a faithful heart.

Be watchful over your thoughts, is the next to be considered. Thoughts are the sure development of our surroundings; thoughts help to elevate when kept pure and good, that which we love for the principle of good. This governing ourselves to have this will power, for letting our mind dwell on the future, on the beautiful promise of a blessed life. If we live up to the principle, to the real self, our soul, and then according to our best ideas of reason for the truest good of inner, conscious thoughts, to be what we should be—a true and faithful worker in God's universe.

Grand is creation, grand our life, to be one with God, with nature's power for the beautiful life, to be here and study the laws of nature! To have power over the earthly domain, to be in harmony with the All-Good, is to lay aside all selfish thoughts; not alone think, but act, that is the true road to happiness. Peace must be in the inner self of man to be in harmony with nature, to be forbearing to others; be ever ready to excuse the shortcomings of others; that is, to be forgiving, to be ready to assist and smooth the troubled thoughts, till peace and good will are the foundation of our surroundings. Thus it will be as Christ said: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

This rule holds good forever; follow it in the true spiritual sense, watch and pray, be on your guard, strive to be all that good can make you. Love the foundation of good principles; you must cultivate love to be followed in pure feeling of unselfish purpose for the good of others. He who is only good and kind for rewards' sake, earns no crown in its behalf. True love never failed; like our Creator who cares for the good and bad, whose blessings are for all alike on this plane for mortals. Beautiful is the true idea of this love; this love has power, and soul power is the outcome of this principle. All learning, all insight of the signs and symbols does not produce this natural power, if the true foundation of this Christ-love principle is not the true motive of the heart.

Be true and faithful to your duties in earthlife, for the welfare of all who come in contact with you. Truly grand is he who covers the faults of others with the cloak of love. Be not selfish; earthly wealth comes as a blessing without selfishness. Help the poor in the journey of life; God is all in all, His love is our staff, His light our beacon to find the new road to this realm of peace.

Let truth be a guide to wisdom and understanding to produce this spiritual development to soul power. Great is the destiny of man in his natural, elevated position as master of the elements in nature. True knowledge freighted with true love power is the root of this natural position of man. Onward we march in the ocean of time, in the labyrinth of this great sterling thought of future wisdom. This god-like wisdom, the natural heritage of men, time will bring into practice as the spiritual wave develops this power. With love and truth we help to accomplish his prophecy.

## BAND OF LOVE AND TRUTH.

## A MIRACLE.

A genuine Bible miracle performed by Dr. J. S. Loucks of Worcester, Mass., in this nineteenth century. He is still using this marvelous power and doing many marvelous cures in all parts of the United States and Canada, also in Europe, England, France and Denmark. Send for circulars of testimonials; also see notice in this paper for examination by lock of hair.

In justice to the cause of truth and to Dr. J. S. Loucks, and for the benefit of the suffering of earth mortals, and with a heart full of gratitude to our kind benefactor, we do solemnly and unhesitatingly state the facts just as they transpired. Our boy, Pardner Gorman, was taken sick with the dreadful disease, cerebro spinal meningitis, and was confined to his bed about twelve (12) weeks. During this time we employed three of our best physicians, but they gave him no relief, and he was so reduced in flesh and worn out that he was a dreadful sight to behold; nothing but skin and bones, and suffering intensely constantly, and the doctors all told us they could do nothing more for him, and left him to die, as we supposed, without hope, and we were daily and hourly expecting this to come. But business called me to Potsdam, N. Y., and while talking with a friend, Stephen Grover, we told him to go and see Dr. Loucks, for he had saved a boy of his son's family from death from the same disease. I went to see Dr. Loucks, and told him my story, and wanted him to go and see him, but he said he could not go; the distance was too great, it being twenty miles away, and my sadness and disappointment being so great he said, Come with me and we will see what can be done. We went into a cellar with two rooms in it. He told me to sit here, and he went into the next room and shut the door, and in a short time came out and said to me: "We have treated your boy and he is better, and will get well," and to go home and to find it so. We went home and found at the very hour he was treated by Dr. Loucks his pains all left him, and he rose up in bed and began telling stories to his mother, not knowing what had caused all this change until I told them. And he continued improving rapidly, and going out too soon, he took cold and had a relapse, and again we went to Dr. Loucks, and again he restored him, and the disease did not return again. He has remained well since. No remedies were used, for we had given up all hope in this direction. Now this is unexplainable by us as well as marvelous, and only being equalled by Bible miracles of old.

THOMAS GORMAN.

H. E. IRISH, Witness to Signature.  
South Colton, N. Y.—On the 1st day of May, 1885, before me came Thomas Gorman, known to be the individual who executed the above, and acknowledged that he executed the same.

L. ROBINSON, Notary Public.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Theosophical "Überglaube."

BY ARTHUR LIONEL STAGGE, A. R. M. S. A.

In the Acts of the Apostles it is recorded that Paul, when at Athens, first rebuked the Athenians for an excess of superstitious irreligion, and then proceeded to explain to them some of the deep and glorious truths which underlay their custom of dedicating an altar to an unknown God. It has often struck me that many modern thinkers, especially those who are inclined to be forever running after novelties and sensations of the mystical type, or very nearly related to those ancient people of Aulturas, who spent the greater part of their time, according to tradition, in hearing or proclaiming something new; their so-called novelties were no doubt often antiquities; still, they were so fond of change that any doctrine or practice, no matter how peculiar, would have a charm for them quite regardless of its source and tendency, if it but gave them relief from something to which they had become accustomed by frequent usage. Having attended of late many meetings in which Theosophy is brought to the fore, and having also penned a good deal of current Theosophical literature, I have been often disagreeably struck with the evident intention on the part of many professed Theosophists, to introduce into the western world some of the venerable superstitions of the far Orient.

I was greatly pleased with a remark I found in "A Romance of the World," by Marie Corelli (and often alluded to by our friend, Mr. Colville), to the effect that a professed change from Christianity to Buddhism was nothing other than an alteration in forms of modern expression prompted by love of change. Theosophy itself, I can well understand, may be an enabling system if its advocates do but endeavor to carry into practice their advanced views of universal brotherhood.

The general moral tendency of such articles as reach the GOLDEN GATE weekly from the pens of Dr. Griffiths and Mrs. Harris, is I admit, elevating; but where I beg most respectfully to dissent from many of those who belong to the Aryan Theosophical Society, is at their point of issue with the Christian system in favor of Buddhism. I certainly do not desire to be taken for a Christian apologist; I am nothing of the sort. I see very much to object to in Christian theology as a whole, but what I do not believe is that the world will be reformed or religion transfigured by our drifting into *esoteric Buddhism*, mythical Brahmanism or any other venerable and fossilized Oriental system of religion.

James Freeman Clarke, in his "Ten Great Religions," very sagely re-

marks: "The Vedas are talked about as though they were superior to the Old Testament, and Confucius is quoted as an authority quite equal to Paul or John. An ignorant admiration of the sacred books of the Buddhists and Brahmins has succeeded to the former ignorant and sweeping condemnation of them. What is now needed is a fair and impartial comparison of these systems from reliable sources. Such an examination doing full justice to all other religions, acknowledging their partial truth and use, will not depreciate, but exalt the value of Christianity."

He (Clarke), in delineating the true character of the Buddhist or Hindoo believer says: "The Hindoo mind is singularly pious but also singularly immoral. It has no history, for history belongs to time. No one knows when its sacred books were written, when its civilization began, what caused its progress, what its decline. Gentle, devout, abstract, it is capable at once of the loftiest thoughts. It combines the most ascetic self-denials and abstraction with the most voluptuous self-indulgence. The whole system of Hindoo thought and life is in this original tendency to see God, not man; eternity, not time; the infinite, not the finite."

From this most able and impartial religious historian records, we can readily perceive what will be the inevitable result of introducing mystical Asiatic cult into Europe or America. What we need is a universal religion free from all mysticism and superstition; the need of human brotherhood is indeed sublime, but why clothe the precepts of universal humanitarianism in the mouldy garments of religions which in the course of evolutionary development are of necessity outworn. I do not profess to know what Christ or Buddha personally taught, I do not positively know such people ever existed, but from what little I have studied, I am convinced that any revival of Buddhism as a system of religion, will eventually prove futile in the case of the truly wide awake minds in the quest of true wisdom, and injurious to the many whose mystical tendencies are always aroused too readily, and pampered too extensively.

My chief objection to present methods of Theosophical research and propaganda is not, however, to endeavor on the part of many to orientalize and occidentalize thought, it is to the cringing sycophancy displayed toward Mme. Blavatsky and the unknown Mahatmas, with whom she is said to be in direct communion. Mme. B.'s literary efforts are intricate and voluminous; they display much acquaintance with dead as well as with living languages; they are fairly well put together, but display little or no information other than what may be gathered by any industrious reader of rare, and seldom called-for

books in great public libraries free of access to everybody.

I would here beg leave to digress, and state that if the spiritualized Mahatmas imparted their knowledge to Mme. Blavatsky they (the Mahatmas) could certainly not have been in their last or wise embodiment, or more properly, they were probably incipient Mahatmas, not fully arrived at a very high point of scholarly erudition, or there is a mere possibility that I expect too much from the oft heard of Mahat-

mas. Could theosophy be separated from its ridiculous "überglaube," it would be calculated to impress most favorably the best minds all over the world, who are about equally dissatisfied with the social and religious connections of the world.

To study Oriental Scripture, to examine it carefully, critically, impartially, this is well; but to make a fetish of it, to awaken and foster an idol, this is worse than useless, and can only bring the subject into derision and contempt.

The time has quite gone by when intellectual people will be content to fall in prostrate homage at the feet of masters. Whatever spiritual gifts man may possess he must be free to cultivate and use, as he is to employ his physical and intellectual faculties. We no more need permission from *Himalayan brothers* to utilize or manifest our psychical endowments than to employ our brains or look through our eyes.

I feel sure there are numbers of people like myself who would gladly unite in an earnest and practical endeavor to practicalize the theory of universal brotherhood, and this can only be done by completely freeing the subject of all its present mysterious and most pernicious environment.

Hoping others will take up this matter in a similar strain, I remain, a friend of all true progress.

## The Picnic at Summerland on Yesterday.

The picnic of the Spiritualists yesterday, at their new city of Summerland, was in all respects what our English friends would call a blooming success. The day was propitious. Summerland lay upon the shores of a wonderfully peaceful ocean, in a valley radiant with the beauties of vegetation, and protected by the everlasting hills, whose sides were mellowed and soothed into purple coloring under the warm influence of a Southern California sun.

The exercises consisted of singing, music, addresses, trance speaking and lunch eating. The meeting was presided over by J. J. Owen the great Spiritualistic leader, speaker and writer. Mr. Owen himself delivered the principal address, which was replete with his usual brilliant coloring of imagery and flowery phrases. The gist of the argument of course was in support of the Spiritualistic belief, and incidentally in praise of Summerland, the future home of congregated believers, and their attendant spirits. Addresses, all of them able and well delivered, were given by Mrs. Miller of San Francisco and Mrs. Thernydyke of San Bernardino.

Professor Taylor also delivered an address "under the influence."

Altogether there were about 500 persons present, most of them being from Santa Barbara. The lunch was well enjoyed, was plentiful, and was freely offered to all comers. This occupied the time from about 12:30 to 2 P.M.

The exercises closed about four o'clock, and Summerland was soon left to its usual peaceful and restful quietness.—*Santa Barbara Independent.*

\*The party referred to ignores all pretensions of that sort.—ED. G. G.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

**Original Ideas.**

BY F. W. EVANS.

Through Ann Lee and her followers has come a new class of ideas that have been received and spread broadcast by the press and lecturers. They are shaking the old heavens and earth all to pieces.

1. That God is a duality, not a trinity, and is a heavenly Father and Mother.

2. The Jewish God of Israel was not deity, but a tutelary divinity.

3. The Jewish Bible is not the word of God, but one of many Bibles, each race having its own prophets and prophetesses inspired from the same Christ heavens. Bibles are records of the word of God, not the word itself.

4. Jesus was not Christ—the Anointing—but a Jew—the Anointed—as must be all true Christians by the Christ spirit.

5. Probation extends into eternity. Whenever a soul is convicted of sin, and seeks the mercy of God by confession and repentance, it will be met by mercy. "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever." But effects must be endured.

6. There is no resurrection of the body. The resurrection is rising out of generation. "I am the resurrection and the life," said Jesus. He had risen by the Christ spirit out of and above the generative order.

7. Atonement must be made by the sinner, not by Jesus. The soul that sinneth it shall die; and the sinner that repents is raised from that death.

8. Man has worked out his own condemnation, and he must work out his own salvation and redemption.

9. The law is included in the Gospel. It is "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Luther and Calvin separated them, and repudiated "good works as filthy rags." They substituted the righteousness of Christ or Jesus in place of their own righteousness—of doing right themselves individually.

10. Swedenborg was the angel of Spiritualism, and Ann Lee of religion.

11. The seven thunders are seven cycles of travail by the Millennial, or resurrection church itself. The other sevens of the Revelator—seals, vials, plagues and trumpets—are the seven cycles of travail of the great anti-Christian world—"Seven Churches of Asia"—Gentile Christianity, from the first to the second appearing of Christ. The history of the church and state generative, fighting, poverty-creating governments, who have the poor always with them to make soldiers out of; and with the soldiers they fill the earth with violence. "In her—Babylon—was found the blood of saints and martyrs, and all the blood that was shed upon the face of the earth."

12. The marriage of the Lamb and Bride is the union of the first and second Pentecostal Churches—Jew and Gentile. The first church has been in the spirit world 1260 years, and the second in a wilderness state on earth amongst the Two Witnesses for 1260 years.

13. Jesus believed and taught the physical resurrection, and made repeated efforts to actualize it. In doing so he stumbled upon materialization, as the alchemists, in trying to find the philosopher's stone to turn all metals into gold, stumbled upon—discovered—the science of chemistry.

14. The kingdom of heaven is now being created upon earth, and is fulfilling all the promises, both physical and spiritual, belonging thereto. It furnishes the "hundred-fold" of houses and lands to those who have forsaken their selfish, private property—"houses and lands"—and it provides uniformly the "daily bread"—good, substantial, hygienic food to all its members.

15. There is no effect without a cause. There would have been no late Civil War, destroying millions of life and property, if no chattel slavery, and no chattel slavery if no wages—slavery. There would have been no wages—slavery—if no land monopoly, single persons holding and claiming to own more land than they used. If no land monopoly, no poor, landless and homeless people. If no poor, homeless people, then no soldiers and nothing to fight about.

For more than a century these radical ideas and millennial truths have been going forth from Zion. They are creating material for the two orders—new heavens and a new earth of righteousness and holiness.

**APPENDIX.**

Many notable persons have been interested in the Shaker theological ideas.

Theodore Parker adopted "The Second Appearing of Christ" as his text book to preach from. He was one of the first to own God as a Father and Mother, and to publicly pray to a dual God.

Hepworth Dixon has much to say about Shaker ideas, affirming that "they have modified the religious thought of America." He says: "One man with ideas may be worth a Parliament, nay, a whole nation without them. The Shakers may not be scholars and men of genius. In appearance they are often very simple, but they are men with ideas, men capable of sacrifice. No one can look into the heart of American society without seeing that these Shaker unions have a power upon men beyond that of mere numbers. If a poll tax were decreed they might pay into the exchequer less than many of the sects; but their influence on American thought is out of all comparison with that of such sects. The Shakers have a genius, a faith,

an organization, which are not only strange, but seductive, which have been tried in the fire of persecution, and are hostile to society as it stands. A Shaker village is not only a new church, but a new nation. This church is based upon these grand ideas: The kingdom of heaven has come; Christ has actually appeared again on earth; the personal rule of God is restored. In the wake of these ideas, and dependent upon them, follow many more. Mount Lebanon is the center of a system which has a distinct genius, a strong organization, a perfect life of its own, through which it would appear to be helping to shape and guide, in no slight measure, the spiritual career of the United States of America."

**SPIRITUALISM.**

Dixon sees a connection between Shakerism and Spiritualism. He says: "When Mother Ann had been lodged in jail in this river town (Poughkeepsie) she had gathered a little court of curious people around her, to whom she communicated her strange experience of the unseen world. Andrew Jackson Davis, a poor cobbler, is the spiritual descendant of Ann Lee, the poor factory girl. Davis sees sights and dreams dreams; but his revelations have scarcely gone beyond the hints afforded by Mother Ann.

"When we essay to judge Spiritualism—a system so repugnant to our feelings, so hostile to our institutions as this school of Spiritualism; it is needful, if we would be fair in our censure, to remember that, strange as it may seem to on-lookers, it has been embraced by hundreds of learned men and pious women. Such a fact will appear to many the most singular part of the movement, but no one can assert that a thing is simply foolish, beneath the notice of investigators, which has been accepted by men like Judge Edmonds, Dr. Hare, Elder Frederick and Professor Bush."

Bishop Hughes is reported as saying: "The Catholics have nothing to fear from the Protestants; we know them, their organizations, numbers and power. But the Spiritualists are a nameless number, an unknown quantity; we know neither their number nor their future." And that is true. Spiritualism will be the agent to undermine the great Catholic and Protestant Church, and Shakerism will crumble them to pieces. It is the fall of Babylon.

**MT. LEBANON, Columbia Co., N. Y.****Concentration.**

[World's Advance-Thought.]

As yet we have not learned to concentrate and control our forces. We waste our vital forces in arguments, disputes, grief and fault-finding, and in other passions of the lower nature. The concentration of our forces within our beings forms the nucleus of spiritual power. No force in nature can be utilized until it is concentrated and under control in some instrument. When a force is not under control it becomes a destructive power. For instance, fire under control is good and useful; but uncontrolled it becomes destructive. Likewise the living forces in us, concentrated and utilized for good, can do wonders; but, if allowed uncontrolled sway, they burn up in wasteful passions and appetites.

Our passions demand gross food-elements. Whisky, tobacco, meats, animal fats, etc., are craved because the uncontrolled lower nature wastes the forces of existence.

Divine forces flow in to strengthen Divine Purposes; and physical immortality will be possible when all our works are divine. Now, at best, Divine Force only finds transient lodgement in the most advanced of the race.

The venerable mother of General Lew Wallace, Mrs. Zarelda Wallace, is stamping the State of Arkansas in favor of woman's suffrage. Wherever she goes she is greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. At the little town of Cotton Plant, it was agreed that her arguments should be answered by the Rev. Joseph Jones, a brother of the Rev. Sam Jones of Georgia. Mrs. Wallace made her speech with the divine at her side on the platform, and, to the amazement of everybody present, when she had concluded it the Rev. Mr. Jones rose and frankly declared that he had never known the facts before, and should henceforth favor the granting of the ballot to women.—*Union Signal.*

Provide for the worst; the best will save itself. He who most studies his content wants it most. If every man mend one we shall be mended. He who seeks trouble never misses it. If the brain sows not corn it plants thistles. A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile. The best thing in the world is to live above it.

"A child unloved before its birth, by its mother," says Lucinda B. Chandler, in her article on "Motherhood and Human Development," "is the most pitiable object in the universe." Ponder it well, parents, present and expectant.

Mere innocence is outer weakness; Wisdom born of the trials of experience is at once outer strength and inner power. Innocence is safe in heaven; Wisdom inhabits heaven and rules the earth.

The word "test" implies doubt. "Tests" or doubts are altogether too common among those who claim knowledge of immortality.

It is no comfort to be told we are free to follow the advice of others.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

**Barnacles.**

BY MAURICE E. LEIDEN.

There was never a ship so well sheathed, so well painted, or so well overhauled that some barnacles did not cling to her bottom or sides.

It may be true that she was hauled up, scraped and cleaned often, and in that way prevented these troublesome pests from getting full sway. Or mayhap she lay in sweet or fresh water long enough to cleanse her sides, on account of that animal's dislike to anything fresh or sweet.

Now, first, let us find the true meaning of this word ere we get into deep water, and thus commence to flounder.

Webster, the most quoted, if not the most correct, will have to serve us. He defines barnacles as any species of the Balanidae, a family of sessile crustaceans. The shells are common along seashores, where they adhere to rocks, timbers, vessels, etc.

Now we treat of an entirely different animal, but it must be owned that he has strong points of resemblance to his inferior though less disagreeable and hindrance brother.

Perhaps if Webster lived in earth life at this day he would insert this species as well under the head of "colloquial."

Who is this barnacle, where can he be found, how does he look, and how does he act?

In the first place his name is legion; second, he is confined to no time or place; he is where humanity is, "in the busy haunts of men," in the halls of the government, in the lobby of the theatre, and at times in the bosom of the family, but he attains his best growth, his highest perfection, and gratifies his highest ambition (if he have any) in the various spiritualist meetings held through this broad land.

He generally looks as other men, and on the wrong side of everything. He acts like he pleases usually, and so that others, friends and enemies, shed tears for him for the cause and for themselves.

He most always sits in the front row, generally has a cane or umbrella, has a large watch, with a well developed spring in it; sometimes, not always, has a few loose silver dollars in his pocket. He has been a Spiritualist (save the mark) since the first rap in 1849; he has such a big bump for the marvellous, and he has had tests that he can not get around that spirits do live and do come back.

He never misses a meeting; no, not he.

The reader will now question, What are you driving at; who are you trying to malign?

I am describing those individuals who are to be found in every spiritualist meeting in the land. Those who never contribute one cent to aid the society they inflict their presence upon, or the cause in general.

The kind of men and women who will try to argue a hungry man out of the notion of eating, because it is carnal and sinful, and then go home and fill up on all manner of rich things, and spend the first half of the evening in praising the supper, and comparing the amounts eaten; the last half in groaning and swapping sure cures for dyspepsia.

Those who never made a connected speech in their lives, and never will, but arise upon any pretext, and many times upon none, to pick flaws in the warp and woof of their superiors' discourses. They never were guilty of making an argument; know of knowledge only by heresy, still will hold that a syllogism is incorrect, and that facts can not be true unless happening under their eyes.

They are the first to ask for tests, the last to acknowledge them. They decry and deride local talent, and clamor for the premiers, making extravagant promises which were never known to be fulfilled.

They know every flaw in every member, whether medium or no. And should any medium be driven by stress of circumstances to have to seek the shelter of their roof and the inhospitality of their board, he will hear of it till the day of his transition, and ten chances to one if he returns to any one while the barnacle is present. The barnacle will stop all proceedings by calling out, don't you remember when you stayed to our house for three weeks and lived on chicken and slept in the best bed? And if the spirit would wish to retaliate he could truthfully say, No; but I remember having to stay at your home for the time mentioned, and I do not forget that I had the chores to perform, and one was to eat some very tough meat, but I thought in the circling cycles of the ages that the particular would be forgotten, and only the good intended remembered.

There is just one thing that will stop a barnacle, and it is a very expensive way, but I will give it, as it may help some suffering society to a short period of rest.

It is to engage some noted speaker or medium, and he will open his mouth so wide on the strength of this wonderful person's reputation that he has no time to annoy or criticise. But it is of short duration. Just let him get acquainted with this person, (and who can prevent it) and then you will find that his harp has a new string and of the same doleful pitch as the others.

The members of the society suffer from his presence; strangers even sense something wrong, but, alas! the poor sensitive mediums that have to face his basilisk eyes, knowing full well that if they venture into the pure, fresh, sweet waters of spiritual consolation it will cause much uneasiness to this crustacean, as it is as fatal to him as the sweet waters of his ocean, brother, and then down comes his cane upon the floor that causes every one to jump in half terror, as they have been hanging upon words flowing from an inspired source, only to be interrupted because one or two can not understand, and unwilling that others should.

There is no use to elaborate. Every one knows him, and to their sorrow. He will not ascend. He knows no more of the grand philosophy to-day than he did forty-one years ago, but he can recount any amount of phenomena that has taken place in his family, and will tell you, and with truth, that "there never was such a medium as his wife once was."

Friends, this is written in no spirit of ridicule; neither to display spleen or sarcasm.

This worse than parasite is in our midst uplifting no one, but dragging or trying to drag everything to his level.

What shall we do with him? We have prayed, trusted, hoped, reasoned, argued and tried every expedient known to outraged human nature to instill some goodness into him, and must confess ourselves beaten.

I merely state the case, as it is for you to find and apply a remedy.

MILWAUKEE, April 18, 1889.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Cole.

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Written for the Golden Gate.  
Across the Street.

By STANLEY HUTCHINS.

In a room up-stairs, across the street,  
A mother sits rocking her baby there;  
She presses its dimpled hands and feet  
And plays with its curls of golden hair;

In my room alone, on the other side,  
Behind the curtains of falling lace,  
I see the baby taking its ride  
And catch the smile on its cherub face.

At noon and at eve I watch them there  
As I sit at my lonely window-side;  
But a shadow falls on the sunny air—  
The baby across the street is ill.

A morning comes when the blinds are drawn  
In that pleasant room on the upper floor—  
Looking across in the early dawn  
I see their tears the roses on the door.

With a sudden pain my heart stands still,  
My thoughts fly back to the darkened room,  
For the baby there lies white and chill—  
A broken bud in the new made gloom.

I think of the mother kneeling there,  
Dropping her tears on the snow white brow,  
Empty and still stands the rocking-chair,  
But her aching heart is empty now.

The time rolls by, and under the stars  
Lies a tiny mound with daisies white,  
Or shining pale 'neath the gleaming rays  
Of the dawn's first rays of oval light.

But life moves on like the silent guest,  
The cradle is gone and the blinds swing wide—  
There's a sound of mirth and song and jest  
In the upper room where the baby died.

I sit alone in my quiet arm chair,  
My heart has a slower, sadder beat  
For the mother who rocked her baby there  
In the room up-stairs, across the street.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Song of a Pine Bough.

By MARY BAIRD FINCH.

A wind from a far Western sea  
Blew over the land,  
And brought in its message to me  
A green bough to my hand;  
And there came a sweet melody  
From the gate on the strand.

How sad was the low undertone  
Of the wind and the waves,  
Where the fir and the pine softly moan  
Over men in their graves;  
And I listened for I was alone  
Where the wild tempest raves.

And the song of the green, shining bough,  
Said "Pity, oh, me;  
So lonely among men, and now  
A billowy sea,  
And a ship with white sail and prow  
Is calling to me."

"Let me live in the land of my birth  
With its prairies and pines,  
Where the sun gilds with glory the earth  
Wherever it shines;  
And every song has an echo of mirth  
Down deep in the mines.

"Tho' often I sigh and am sad  
By th' sea and th' shore,  
And the loud billows boom and are mad  
The dark caverns o'er,  
I will sing with the shells and be glad,  
At the low cabin door.

"To be as a stranger 'mong men  
Needing sympathy,  
Is withholding the light of our ken  
From humanity."  
Thus the voice of the king sang as when  
It was queen by the sea."

CLEARWATER, NEB., May 3, 1889.

Lines,

[From a spirit husband to his wife, Mrs. O. K. Smith, of Summerland, written through the mediumship of Harry C. Tower, of Santa Monica, Cal.]

Close by the grim old mountains bare,  
Close by the murmuring sea,  
Within her cosy little home,  
My darling waits for me;  
And while her wearying round of work  
She follows day by day,  
I watch her with undying love.  
For she's my own O. K.

'Tis many a year, my own true love,  
Since death our lives did sever—  
What do I say? Such love as ours  
Will live right on forever;  
For though ocean rolled between  
Love knows no bar nor stay,—  
E'en death has laid his scepter down—  
I love you still O. K.

What though thy earthly form, my love  
Shall feel the hand of time,  
Thine ear grow dull, thy voice grow weak  
And lose its silvery chime;  
What though thine earthly sight grow dim  
And mortal strength give way,  
Still doth the spirit ne'er grow old—  
You'll always be O. K.

The days and weeks go swiftly by,  
And swiftly flies the year,  
And each succeeding season brings  
That blessed time more near,  
When in that blissful Summer Land  
Where reigns eternal day,  
And love supernal crowns our lives—  
I'll have you then, O. K.

Where Will I Be?

There will come a morning that I shall not see,  
And a Summer whose sunshine and greenness will be  
As fair to others as this is to me;  
But where, when the morning shall dawn, will I be?

There will be a mound with the grasses grown o'er,  
And a headstone, perchance, with my name and no more;  
And the sun will shine brightly as ever before,  
And the birds sing as sweet in the trees at my door.

It will all be the same when my feet are at rest,  
And my hands folded over my motionless breast,  
The pathway I trod by new feet will be pressed,  
And the friends I have loved with new friendships be blessed.

Some hearts for a little may grieve that I'm gone,  
And a shadow will darken the sunshine of home,  
But the shadow will pass, and the brightness will come;  
I would not have it linger on heart or on home.

But where shall I be? tell me, where shall I be?  
When the Springtide and Summer that I shall not see  
Come back with the wealth of their beauty so free  
To all of the living, but not unto me?

Oh, surely, I sha'nt be senseless and cold;  
This soul will be thrilling, as ever of old,  
As beautiful visions before it unfold  
Of the wonders and glory that never were told.

And I shall be there what I longed to be here,  
As I now in the warmth of summer here,  
Unhindered, unhampered by earth's chilling fear,  
Shall rove in its splendor the mountain and sea,  
Since there's nothing of loss in the land where I be,  
And a thousandfold glory is added to me!

### Spiritualism A Book of Knowledge.

*Continued from First Page.*

fused as to the choice they make between the two great theories of life. There are people who put aside any claims to proof in this direction or that as bearing upon the spiritual nature of man, and yet cling to their own belief in his spiritual nature illogically and without any proof whatever. We are presented with two theories, and we cannot choose a little of one and a little of the other. One or the other is certainly true. One theory is the materialistic. In accordance with that, human life, any intelligent life, is merely a passing, transitory stage, of no more permanent existence than these blossoms that now surround me. Humanity itself, its brain, its heart, its life, its hope, its Jesus, its Shakespere, its Buddha, all the great names of the world, are only curious and strange manifestations of this material world, blossoming as the plants blossom, fading as the plants fade. On that theory—think a moment what it means—the world, all the past of the world, is desert, darkness, a black abyss, just behind us—nothing. All who have ever lived have been blotted out, and all that great array of figures are only fancies of a dream. And before us what? Night and dark again. We live, we think, we feel for a little while, and that is the end. Here is this world of ours, with just a few generations that are now peopling it, sailing through space, and this is all; and, when one drops out, he drops into everlasting nothingness. That is one theory. It does not command itself to me, either to my intellect or to my heart.

The other theory is what? It is that spirit and life are first, supreme; that spirit shaped and controls form, that form only expresses spirit. Why, I have had a dozen bodies since I was born into this life. There is nothing that I know of in any science to make it unreasonable to believe that after the fact which we call death I may still go on clothed with a body as real as this. This theory teaches us that the universe is all alive. Young, the great scientist who discovered what has been the universally accepted theory of light, who lived just a little after Sir Isaac Newton's time, recognized as one of the most acute and profound thinkers of the world, put it forth as a speculation merely—he did not claim anything more,—that for anything science knew to the contrary—we now see hints that look that way—there might be no end of living, pulsing, throbbing worlds all around us, a spiritual system of which we are the material counterpart.

At any rate, we must choose between the theory of materialism and a spiritualistic theory. If the spiritualistic theory be true, then death is not the end. I may hope to find my friends once more; and it is quite natural that the spiritual natures of certain susceptible ones of the race should become developed so that they are capable of receiving communications from the other side from those who attempt to come into communication with them. Does that not seem to you perfectly natural? If there be such a thing as a spiritual world, if my father is alive, if your brother, sister, husband, wife, is alive, and if they are not very far away, would it not be the most natural thing in the world for them to try, at any rate, to reach you?

I propose now to hint to you a few words as to the proof of these claims which Spiritualists offer. One thing is significant, and is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism. It does not ask anybody to believe with his eyes shut. It does not ask anybody to take the statement of the most truthful person on the face of the earth. It offers, or claims to offer, no end of facts as proved; and it asks you to investigate, and believe or reject on the basis of these claims. I say it is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism that it should put itself on this purely scientific basis as being perfectly in accord with the tendencies and movements of the modern world.

You are familiar in a general way with the kind of facts that are offered as proof. They are spoken of lightly, sometimes sneered at. It has been said, Even suppose a physical body is lifted up or moved by a force that has apparently no connection with the muscular power of any people present,—I have heard this spoken of and sneered at a thousand times,—suppose it is, what of it? One of the most learned men of this country has given this hint as to what of it. I repeat it from him. He makes this point. Everything in this world, so far as we know, if let alone, tends downward under the force of universal gravity. There is no power known in heaven or earth that is capable of lifting even a pin against this force of gravity except the power of intelligent will. If, therefore, it should happen, if it should be demonstrated, that there is any such force that is capable of doing this, here would be the Rubicon, the very dividing line between materialism and Spiritualism, absolute demonstration that here is intelligent will at work. I give you this as quotation, not verbally, but the idea, as expressing the opinion of one of the most learned men in this country as to the significance of such a fact, supposing it ever occurred. And I say to you frankly in passing, that I am convinced that such facts have occurred and do occur.

I cannot, at this time, even hint at the many proofs that the Spiritualists offer. You can find them for yourselves. You may, however, be interested if I give you one or two brief hints of things which

have come under my own observation and which have filled me with most restless and eager questioning.

There has been in the modern world a manifestation in these last few years of certain strange powers on the part of mind as already embodied, such as was not recognized or given any place in science until the last half-century. As I told you last Sunday, a French scientific commission investigated hypnotism and pronounced it all humbug. To-day there is not a competent scientific man who does not recognize its truth. There used to be once great incredulity as to the existence of clairvoyance and clairaudience. To-day, I venture to say there is no person of competent intelligence, who has investigated the matter, who does not believe that these powers exist. It was once believed that there could be no such thing as communication on the part of one mind with another, except through recognized physical media. The idea would have been scorned and flouted a few years ago. I venture here again to say that there is probably not a man of competent intelligence, who has given it careful and earnest investigation, who does not believe in telepathy, or mind-reading—the possibility of minds communicating with each other without much regard to space, providing the conditions and circumstances are favorable.

These do not prove Spiritualism at all, but note this one thing. It proves that there has been a tremendous increase and widening of the recognition of the powers of the human mind. They prove what appears to be, at least, a semi-independence of the recognized physical faculties of communication. What kind of mind is this that can manifest itself to another a thousand miles away? Something different from the old idea of mind that used to be generally entertained. Phenomena like these have become so familiar to me that they are no more wonderful now than the telegraph and the telephone. I cannot explain the telegraph and the telephone, but I know they are true. I cannot explain these things, but I know they are true.

But one step more I will hint. Some thing else has occurred in my experience which puzzles me beyond all words to express. I have no place for it in any scientific theory with which I am acquainted; I do not know what to do with it. In the presence of a personal friend, only two being in the room, I have had communication made to me of certain things occurring at the very instant in another State. Where did it come from? How? I do not know. I simply know that science, according to its present development, has nothing whatever to say to facts like these; it has no place to put them, and must widen its theories before it can account for them. Of course, if I were ready to accept all the claims put forth on the behalf of modern Spiritualism, I should naturally explain these facts in the light of theory. I frankly say I do not know of any other theory that even promises an explanation.

Perfect candor and fairness compel me to say that some of these communications have about them such traces of the identity of the "spirits" claiming to communicate as fill me with surprise. I have never counted as evidence of "spirit" activity anything a "medium" might tell me which I already knew. I have said, This may be mind reading. But, over and over again, until it is commonplace, I have had thus told me things which it was impossible the psychic should ever have known.

But when, as on several occasions, I am told things that neither myself nor the psychic knew, ever did know, or ever could have known, so far as I could possibly discover, then I know not what to say unless I am to suppose the presence and activity of some invisible intelligence. But, were that proved, it would still remain to prove that this intelligence was once embodied as man or woman.

Here, then, I rest. I am in no hurry. The one thing, the only thing that any sane man can desire is the truth. It seems to me the most fool-hardy of all things for any man to object to a fact. If it is a fact, then it is only folly to object; for if indeed it be a fact it will remain a fact after you have objected your life long. The only sane search in the world, then is for truth. I am so anxious to find the truth that I cannot afford to make up my mind too readily. I must pause, I must wait. I must not only think certain things probable, but I must know they are true.

But this much I will say. It seems to me due to the claims of this higher Spiritualism to say that if I should ever come to accept the central claim of Spiritualism, I cannot see wherein it would change my belief, scientific, philosophic, ethical, practical, one whit. What would it do? It would place under my feet a rock, demonstrated to be a rock, instead of a hope, a trust, a great and glorious belief.

If this higher faith of Spiritualism should ever be universally accepted, what would follow? It would abolish death. It would make you know that the loved are not lost, though they have gone before you. It would make human life here, whatever its poverty, disease or sorrow, worth while, because of the grand possibility of the outlook. It would give victory over sorrow, over heart-break, over tears. It would make one master not only of death, but of life. It would make him feel sure that he was building up, day by day here, the character that he was to carry with him on to that next level of the ascent that is never to cease, but eternally to come nearer and nearer to God.

I then frankly say to you, friends, that, while I am so anxious to find the truth

that I wish to know that the dust is the end of me if it is, I would certainly rather believe that it is not. I would rather believe that we are forming the beginning of associations here which are to be eternal. I would like not only to listen to, but to believe the whisper that comes down out of the infinite light: "There shall be no more death."

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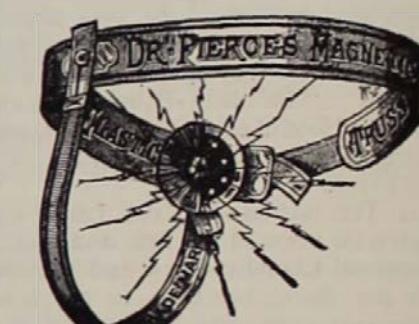
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